

Sunshine

for

Grey Days

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Sunshine for Grey Days



A COLLECTION
OF POEMS BY

MRS. E. H. PEARDON

*This Book is Dedicated to
My Children :*

**R. A. LOCKERBIE
LULU E. STEWART
W. L. PEARDON**

*My Grandchildren
and My Niece:*
AMY HOLMAN HENRY

The Book of My Life

What am I going to write today
On this page of the book of my life?
Have I some record of kindness done?
Or will it be blank at the setting sun?
This wonderful book of my life.

Each day at dawn a new page opens up,
And I look with approval thereon;
So many and varied my duties appear,
I pause lest I mar it with sadness or tear,
This wonderful book of my life.

The record above will show duties well done,
If no pains have been spared to that end;
If I do not fill days with merciful deeds,
Much room will be left for the tares and the weeds,
To cumber this book of my life.

If I do with good-will, and cheerful the while,
What comes to my hand to be done,
What matters the toil, be life gay or dim,
So long as I work for the praises of Him,
Who gave me this wonderful life.

Shall I then make my life-work worth while,
Let me follow my Master's advice;
Let my ear be attent to the poor as they cry,
Do unto others as I'd be done by,
Gain the Master's "Well done" on my life.

Poems

Poetry is the record of the best and happiest
moments of the happiest and best minds. —Shelley.
In my mind Poetry comes next to God. —Landon.
I know no fairer things than these: A woman's
love, a baby's smile, and poetry. —Kal.

Mother

Take a bit more thought for mother,
Let her not begin to fade,
Smooth her dear white locks and kiss them,
Nor should she be kitchen maid.

See her in that new spring bonnet.
She would fain have done without,
You'll be glad when she has left you,
That you planned this surprise out.

Buy the nice new silk you wanted,
Mother will not always stay;
Take as much delight in seeing
Her look handsome, make her gay.

Have a place for mother by you,
When you take your pleasure ride;
Do not think you are less thought of,
With dear mother by your side.

Think a little bit of how she
Sacrificed through heat and cold;
Sleepless nights, when you were helpless,
Never changed her heart of gold.

She has left you an example,
You'll do well to carry on;
Think of others, make them happy;
You will reap as you have sown.

Father Time's Answer

What have I Father Time please tell,
When I to the brink have come;
As I look out across the bar
And backward to my earthly home.

(Answer)

What you retain my child is this,
What you have given away.

What of my neighbour by my side,
With his palace and his gold;
Will they not stand him in good stead,
When he shall cross the billows cold.

(Answer)

All he can hold in his dead hand,
Is what he gave away.

Our church, our Bishop and his choir,
Will surely pave the way;
By song and sermons and grand spires,
To realms of fadeless days.

(Answer)

If praise of men they coveted—
That is their only pay.

The Young Ruler

He's only little, but, Oh my!
We all stand by in turn,
While he dictates what we shall do,
His wish we dare not spurn.

He wields no sceptre, says no word,
His wishes he makes known,
In such uncertainty we're glad,
He'll soon be older grown.

'Tis strange to see, now great and small,
As whims dictated say;
We rock or kneel, go on parade,
We surely homage pay.

When will this infant ruler see,
The sleepless nights we spend,
While father in his ghastly robe,
Strolls on from end to end.

And mother in her patient way,
Says, his teeth are coming through,
Poor father half asleep replies—
Where shall I put them when they do.

The strangest part about it all—
We all are willing slaves;
No one would dare refuse a wish,
The tiny monarch craves.

You call him tyrant, monarch, boss,
We every one agree;
You couldn't buy him with your gold,
His slaves we still will be.

Lost

"I'm losted, could you find me please?"
A pleading child's voice, ill at ease;
I could not leave that child forlorn,
If all the world must wait that morn.

"Yes, darling, you are found," I said,
As on my breast I laid her head;
"And now we'll find your Mamma too,
I'm sure she's looking hard for you."

So on they trudged, till home in sight,
She screamed with pleasure and delight;
"Mamma, dear, I've lost sure,
And couldn't find my home no more."

How like that little child are we
Who are travelling on life's troubled sea;
We've started down life's street alone,
And have lost sight of God and home.

May we be like the little maid,
When we are storm-tossed and dismayed;
Lift our eyes to the only one
Who can find us and lead us home.

We've travelled many a desert lair,
Which at the first appeared so fair;
For many a year we've gone astray,
And forfeited the virtuous way.

A Song of Canada

We till our soil, we serve our king,
We love our native land;
Our loyal sons, stand by their guns,
When duty's call demands.

Our prairies broad to homes invite,
All those of honest toil,
We clasp the hand from many lands
And make them brothers all.

The boast of wealth, of yield and flock
Or vastness unexplored,
Is small compared with power and life
Canadian youth affords.

God bless our nation in its youth
Of forest, field and strand,
And may we be a nation free,
And a friend to every man.

The Sand Storm, 1929

There came to this countryside one day
A prim young man from far away,
He hovered near the Stewart home
Until he found his proper zone.

You wonder what his call might be,
Well, it was just like this you see,
A student preacher he came West,
And pledged to do his very best.

A sudden sand-storm blew one day,
And nearly swept the youth away,
Also a lass, not long a bride,
She'd lost both home and breath she cried.

He shed his raincoat with a shout,
"Here you take this, I'll do without,"
"No, no" said the lady with a moan,
"This coat can never take me home."

So other measures must be tried,
No time is wasted to decide,
He threw the coat o'er both their heads,
"Now, follow close to me," he said.

It scared the lady Stewart white,
"Come Violet quick and see the sight,"
Four feet I see without a head,
A raincoat takes the place instead."

However, with good might and main,
They fought the sand-storm and the rain,
They reached the Stewart bungalow,
Stuccoed in mud from head to toe.

The little lady, new to the West,
"So, this is what you call a test,"
"My new blue dress is ruined quite,
And oh, my shoes they are a sight."

Said Grandma, solid and sedate,
"You should be glad you've saved your pate,"
"What matters splash of mud and rain?
So long as you've gained your breath again."

While all this hubbub went along,
Brother Stewart held up the storm
By hanging to an up-loft door,
Many feet from sky or floor.

When all was over, tea and toast
Was served by hostess and the host,
Who sheltered many with good cheer,
We wish them joy for many a year.

The Smiling Way

If blossoms fade and leaves turn brown,
If friendships cool and lasses frown;
Your banker flatly turns you down—
Try the Smiling Way.

If crops are poor and prices down,
Collections hail you to the town;
You only can your troubles drown—
By the Smiling Way.

What matter if your coat is old,
Your shoes do not keep out the cold;
And you have missed your pot of gold—
Keep the Smiling Way.

If winter comes and much to pay,
Remember 'twill not always stay;
Good luck will come along some day,
Still keep the Smiling Way.

Ever hear of Sunny Jim?
How the folks all envied him;
Not because of graceful limb—
He kept the Smiling Way.

Try the Smiling road my friend,
You'll have wealth that will not end;
To the world a joy you'll send,
By the Smiling Way.

A Girl's Lament

Will the angels tell my dear Mother
I wander alone on this strand,
Without her restraining kind spirit,
That so often I spurned when at hand.

At home from her toil, she is resting,
In those mansions prepared for the just,
At last I have learned from her teaching
To not be afraid, but to trust.

So often I spurned her wise warnings,
Turned my thoughts to friends young and gay;
How I wish I had heeded her counsels,
Instead, I took the Galileo way.

How I long to whisper Dear Mother,
Your repentant child has come home;
Now, I know there was truly no other
Who could love, when sadly I roamed.

I know you'll forgive me my mother,
Indeed you did that long ago,
And now you're waiting to welcome
Your repentant offspring, I know.

Could it be my lot to help others
To choose in the days of their youth
To shun the broad road to evil,
And travel the highway of truth.

Our Teacher

(A Small Boy's Impression)

Small of stature, large of mind,
To her pupils always kind—
Oh! they say, "she's young and small,"
Never mind, she knows it all.

Geography and arithmetic,
She'll do them up in double quick;
Shows us how to learn em too,
Like older teachers couldn't do,

To read and write and spell, I guess—
We're learning that with all the rest.
She's not too high and mighty proud,
When play time comes she's with the crowd;
A better sport 'tis hard to find,
Our teacher sure is mighty kind.

And then as Christmas comes again,
She spares no time, she spares no pains;
She sows the seed in hopes 'twill grow,
Though germination rather slow.

No straps, no sticks or fools cap here,
We do our work with right good cheer,
'Cause our teacher has the knack
That helps us fellows on the track.

So look for marks way up in high,
For we will have to do r die;
We wont disgrace our little school,
When zaminations are the rule.

Written on the occasion of J. Pearden completing
her first year's teaching.

Harvest Time

What is that clanging noise I hear?
Sounds like troopers coming near,
That's a Western threshing gear
At harvest time.

What means this early morning bell?
Life or death one cannot tell,
The farmer has his grain to sell,
'Tis harvest time.

He must be up and start the day,
Before the night is quite away,
'Twere folly to make long delay,
At harvest time.

Who helps the farmer gather grain?
And works through shine as well as rain,
And shares in all the farmer's gain?
The British Harvester.

Who scans the farmers field anon,
From seed time to the harvest home,
Till drought and hail, and rust have gone?
The man who farms the farmer.

I'm glad the farmer tills the ground,
And grows the grain so plump and sound,
And sends it all the earth around,
So all can have a share.

What makes the farmer smile so gay?
He has laboured hard for many a day,
We hope he's getting back his pay
At harvest time.

How does the farmer spend his time,
From harvest to next seeding time,
In planning how the silver dimes
Be made to go around.

Who is the man who we should bless?
The one who plans nor thinks of rest,
Till he has done his very best,
To bring his harvest on.

A Word to Teachers

Wise teachers from grade one to eleven,
Only mothers excell in your worth,
Yours is the next greatest profession
Of any one calling on earth.

You take the child from its parents,
Are responsible for the next move,
They look upon teacher as a model
Of wisdom, perfection and love.

Do not fail to perceive there is something,
Of far more importance than gold,
To the wonderful trust that's committed to you;
You give beauty, or mar in the mould.

More people come, through your institutions
To stand, or to fall in their place;
Than come through any one training,
You give them their ranks in the race.

We look back with regret that one teacher,
In the early days of our youth,
Most ardently read the news section,
While lessons were trifles in truth.

Who can measure the loss sustained then,
By the lack of fidelity true,
Gone along with a blank in our make up,
See that such is avoided by you.

We hope our well meant suggestions
You'll take, in the kindness they're given,
And we'll give to your training the most precious treasure,
That we hold this side of Heaven.

Lumsden Beach

COMPOSED BY MRS. PEARDON & MISS WESTON
TUNE OF AULD LANG SYNE.

Oh Lumsden beach, oh Lumsden beach
They said 'twas charming here,
We all can't swim but the rest can float,
So, we'll come back next year.

On, Round top meetings hard to beat,
We'll give all praise to thee,
We like to hear the singing there,
But please excuse just me.

Chagwin, Stevenson, Whitehouse three,
Lawson, Howard and Young,
We thank you for your service free,
And the work you have begun.

Your helpful lectures one and all,
We'll keep them in our store.
When we come back next year to camp,
Be sure to have some more.

Dear shady rest; Dear shady rest,
True source of inspiration,
You'll linger still within our hearts
Long after our vacation.

We thank you Father Hindson too,
For all your thought and care,
Without the store and mail and tents
Tell me how would we fare.

Auntie Martin she's a cook,
No doubt without a peer,
If we survive, as I trust we will,
We'll all come back next year.

The Bells: The bells ding dong the bells,
Oh, Mr. Howard, please
Won't you forget them just for once,
And let us take our ease.

Now dear companions, one and all,
We each must go our way,
You'll think of us and we of you,
And hope to meet some day.

Smile, Smile, Smile

When you rise in early morning,
Look around and find a smile;
When you've found it just put it on—
Just wear it all the while.

Not only will it help you through
Your daily tasks compile;
But every one who knows you says,
Here's where we meet a smile.

It may be hard to make the grade,
And draw the long lines out—
But if you persevere I'm sure
You'll turn them right about.

Now wont you try it friend and see,
At the end of thirty-two (1932;
When your meridian lines are gone,
All the world will smile with you.

An Ode to Rain

Precious raindrops, welcome raindrops,
Cooling down the thirsty air,
Bidding every bud to blossom,
Giving every leaf a share.

Welcome raindrops to the prairies,
Where dread drought has long held sway,
Every beast and bird and flower,
Gladly welcome you today.

Would that one could find the secret,
Where is stored the gracious boon;
Is it in majestic thunder?
Or controlled by silvery moon?

Welcome raindrops, mystery raindrops,
In your hiding-place unknown,
Fill the thirsty land with blessing,
Till the golden grain has grown.

Down on the Farm

One day Grandma said to me,
It's down on the farm I ought to be,
I'm tired of being hemmed in all year long,
In this little, drowsy, sunburnt town.

So, day after day, sometimes all day through,
As she packed and sorted, she found much to do,
In making purchases, classy or neat,
She had been warned to carry none on the street.

So, dear old Grandma thought quite a while,
There are no airplanes to deliver in style,
And certainly no underground route,
And if I fetch them on the street I'll surely be found out.

Now, what was the cure for this plight, I say?
The only solution to be found that day,
Was to pay for the large ones from all over town,
And carry the small ones when the sun went down.

Things had gone so far now the goal had to be won,
But was heartily glad when the shopping was done;
So, with pillows and pictures, boxes and bags,
She was thankful when Lulu put in the last tags.

When the time came for her to go North,
With Woolworth's and Eaton's goods she set forth;
And poor little Sadie, as pale as the snow,
Her companion and help, thought 'twas a long way to go.

At last on "Seventeen," happy and free,
They began to reduce contents of cupboards entree,
For the mice had been making fine frolic and fun,
Hence, great was the cleaning that had to be done.

What with the raking and burning, inside and out,
Soon got to clear sailing, and then set about
To planting a garden with spinach and rice,
But found to their sorrow 'twas gopher's paradise.

And next on the program came along farmer Bill,
For was it not needful the land should be tilled?
So, with Daisy and Dick, and the rest of the six
Came a rackful of implements, shovels and picks.

Then to work he got started, with plow and with seed,
Rising early each morning his horses to feed,
Working all the long day, with seed drill and sacks,
Till his horses were foaming from hoofs to their backs

It was not all work, with no changes nor fuss,
For Sunday came round, and so did the boss,
And carried us off to the church and the school,
While Bert carried out his weekly rule.

The summer soon passed, all too quickly away,
Old King Frost declared we no longer should stay,
So, back to the city we reluctantly sped,
Sorry indeed that the summer had fled.

In Memory, Agnes Hepburn

WHO DIED MAY 21ST, 1927

Dear little lamb, safe in the fold
Of the tender Shepherd's care.
We dare not wish to call you back
From the blessed Home up there;

But rather, will we pray for strength
And to the end endure,
That we too, shall in safety reach
That blissful heavenly shore.

Moving Into the New House

We are about to discard the old, old house,
With memories sacred and dear,
When we first set foot on this virgin soil,
One lone shack could be seen far and near.

Long before railroad or town came in view,
The old house welcomed folks by the score,
When pioneers shared whatever they had,
As settlers came in by the prairie's wide door.

Of course it looks old, and withered, and thin,
By the side of the stalwart structure of brick,
But the old one could tell of the duties well done,
While the new one says proudly, "My I am slick."

The joy and the thrill of pioneer days
Can never be found in the stately and staid;
It comes but once to the friendly, though poor,
In the foundation piers that the pioneers laid.

The children have grown from babyhood days,
Until they branch out like young shoots, less or more;
The town with its smoke, and the train with its load,
Have settled themselves by the side of our door.

As the grain in the springtime sends out its green blade
Then fadeth away, and is withered and spent,
So the new and the fresh, the stalwart young life,
Is the product of toil from the old and the bent.

Not all of the days of the past twenty years,
Have been days of sunshine, blessing and rest;
But the all-seeing eye that kept danger at bay,
Has given us much of that which is best.

So, here's good luck to the sparkling and new,
Pleasant memories and thanks to the old;
Let this thought consume us, we make not ourselves,
But we reap from a diligence better than gold.

What of the days and the years yet to come?
Let us hope that those who come after be given
The greatest riches e'er handed to man,
The gift to help souls on the highway to Heaven.

The Garden of the Gulf

(PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND)

Looking over hill and dale,
See the lovely fields of green,
Framing little waterways,
Numerous flowers complete the scene.

Pretty "garden of the gulf,"
Cradled in the dark blue sea,
From your home in humble life
Came forth future men to be.

Though small in area, your wealth
Comes through the brave and noble men
Who faced the hardships, carved their homes
Out of the sturdy wooded glen.

Your sons and daughters stand the test,
They cross the ocean or the strand,
When called to serve in other fields,
As King, or brother's need demands.

They take their places one by one,
As generations have their flight,
Go forth to duty great and strong,
And stand behind the cause of right.

And glad are we, our native Isle,
Year in, year out, gives ample sway,
To temperance; may her influence lead
Her sister provinces that way.

In Memory of Dear Mildred

WHO DIED IN APRIL, 1927.

T'is only for a little while
That we miss our loved ones here,
For soon, yes soon, we too shall share
The treasures waiting O so near,
And glad re-unions will there be
"Over There."

The faith that to the end endures,
Will be rewarded once again,
When friends and families re-unite,
To praise the Lamb that once was slain
For me and all mankind
"Over There."

Then dry your tears, beloved friends,
Do not wish your dear one back,
From glorious eye hath never seen,
Nor human mind or heart conceived,
Or our poor feeble tongues expressed
"Over There."

Oh can you not suppress your grief,
And praise the Lord of Life and Love,
That He has purchased such a home
For those who pass from earth away,
A glorious home in which they rest,
"Over There."

Nor would she want to come again,
To this poor feeble house of clay,
But beckons you to faithful be,
That no one takes your crown away,
Or others fill your mansion fair
"Over There."

The New Station

I stood on the prairie knoll at dusk,
After the sun went down,
When all around was as still as could be—
For as yet there was no town.

I saw in my vision as I walked about
The folks that were yet to come,
And fill with settlers this land so new,
With many and many a home.

I wondered what their fate would be,
These people who had not yet come;
Would there be churches and schools to date
To help them establish their homes.

Full well I knew that the homesteader's plow,
Would be breaking this virgin soil;
Homes would be built, but in a small way,
Until crops would repay for their toil.

So I knelt on the sod right there at dusk,
And humbly I asked the Good Lord—
That a house for his worship might be built, on this spot
Where people would learn of His word.

Strange as it may seem, to our unbelief,
A church stands there today;
Proving again the covenants of God;
Ask and I will not say nay.

For people came in by dozens and scores,
As the years of prosperity flowed;
The fathers said, we will rise up and build
A house for the worship of God.

So this is the story, the years have to tell;
Have we only been seeking the loaves?
Have the shepherds been true who have fed from the flock?
Only God and eternity knows.

The Farmer and His Wife

Wife, I've made another purchase,
Surely, surely, nothing more,
After all our toil and struggle,
To pay up the old old score.

Not a big one this time Mother,
Just a tiny little tray,
Holds this plain round golden circlet,
Emblem of our wedding day.

Here we've tasted joy and sorrow,
Here where trials come and go,
But amid them all we echo,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow.

Many friends have risen and fallen,
On the battle field of life,
Since we started on life's highway,
I, your husband; you, my wife.

But we've been spared to each other,
Through fifty years of shine and snow,
And to-night our hearts re-echo,
Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

Yes, for fifty years and over,
Side by side we've toiled away,
Looking for returns at harvest,
Spending many an anxious day.

Sometimes labor was rewarded
By the golden waving fields;
Other years 'twas disappointing,
Drought laid low the expected yield

But we've jogged along together,
Over smooth and rugged road;
Finding joy in helping others,
Who were bearing heavier loads.

There's another greater harvest,
Through whose fields we all have come;
Shall we hear the gracious plaudit,
Faithful gleaner welcome home.

When we cross the vale of Jordon,
Join the greater harvest throng;
We'll forget life's disappointments
When the master says "Well done."

Read at the 50th wedding anniversary of
Mr. and Mrs. Holman, Strasbourg, Sask.

Loreburn

In a certain red brick school house,
In a clever class of ten,
There is one outstanding pupil—
Leads her class in word and pen.

Now this girl has one ambition,
That a nurse, she'll surely be!
Not a just squeeze through and get there,
But the highest quality.

Not content with one achievement,
See her gain scholastic fame,
On the roll of honour students,
At McGill, you'll see her name.

And when "M.D." has been captured,
And the highest honors sung;
She will fill her proud profession,
Loved and sought by old and young.

How does all this come to meet one,
Others miss it far and wide;
There must be the faithful plodding,
Just as sure as wind and tide.

Will her friends think time was wasted,
Through the training of the years?
They'll be proud to own the product,
When Dr. Peardon's name appears.

The Toiler's Reward

Happy little hands and voices
Greet me at the setting sun,
After long and toilsome hours
Of the hard day's work is done.

Half the pain, and half the burden
Vanish at the sight of home,
Where such loving welcome waits me,
"Daddy, dear, we're glad you've come."

All the savory things that meet us
Prove that love has reached its goal;
Made the evening hour contribute
Rest of body, and of soul.

When at last life's day is ended,
And the reaper's tools laid by,
May there be a gladsome welcome
To the Home beyond the sky.

A Sparrow Falls

A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without Thy notice. If God so clothe the lily of the field, which today is and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, oh ye of little faith.

Teach us to trust and learn Thy way
As little birds, do, day by day;
They get from Thee their daily food,
And loudly sing, Our God is good.

The lion, strongest of his race,
Roaming about from place to place,
Seeking his food—he knows not where,
Is also under Thy kind care.

As seasons come, and seasons go,
Seed-time and harvest, sunshine and snow,
So bird and beast, and flower and tree,
Proclaim Thy matchless Majesty.

Then why should man less faithful be
Than beast and bird, and flower and tree?
Let us proclaim that God is good,
And trust Him for our daily food.

Keep the Door of My Lips

Set a watch, O Lord before my mouth,
My lips in strict obedience bend;
Make me a faithful child of Thine,
Lest I one little one offend.

Give me a heart that will not think,
Nor entertain a thought unkind;
Cleansed by Thine everlasting love,
May I that true perfection find.

How oft when goodness strives to rise,
The waves of evil lash and foam;
Until this very heart of mine
Is sorely rent and longs for home.

Between me and Thyself remove
Whatever hindrances there be;
Of pride or selfishness that show
I love my neighbour less than me.

Help me to love the Lord my God,
With a sincerely humble heart;
To love my neighbour as myself,
From Thy commands no more depart.

The Cry of the Little Indian

Diamond like eyes look up into mine,
Miss Sahiba the good ~~is~~ the true;
We are told that your Jesus can make us as pure,
Can He make us exactly like you.

You seem not to dread evil spirits and Gods,
That bring on us misery untold;
In contrast to ours, bowed down with caste,
Your life seems brighter than gold.

We have heard that you teach from a wonderful book,
Of a man who walked on the sea;
How He called little children to come unto Him,
That He loves little children like me.

Do you folks in America know of our need,
That in hunger we work and ne'er play;
As do children in homes where the bible is taught,
I wish we were taught it to-day.

Do they know little children on India's plains,
Have little or nothing to cheer;
While their tables groan with abundance of food,
We know not one feast thru the year.

Will you tell your folk in America's land,
Who are favoured by Jesus the True,
We are waiting in darkness for some one to help,
Have they not a duty to do?

Little Prayers for Bed-time

Jesus I'm Thy little child,
Make me loving as thou art;
Kind to good and bad alike,
Serving Thee with all my heart.

If in any way to-day
I have grieved Thee by my sin,
I pray Thee now to pardon me
And to my heart may light shine in.

For Thy Dear Sake,
Amen.

Lord Jesus, there is much for boys to do,
E'en though we may be only small;
We ask, like Samuel may we be,
Always obedient to Thy call.

Teach us to be not afraid,
To answer when to us you speak;
Forgive our sins, and may we love
To be like Jesus, kind and meek.

Amen.

Peter's Denial

Peter why so sure and boastful,
When just a little farther on
You are found among the scoffers,
And your Lord must stand alone.

When you walked from dark Gethsemane,
Lagging back among the crowd;
Then on maiden's accusations
Your Lord denied with curses loud.

Jesus turned from inner court room,
Just as Peter loudly claimed;
I know not the Gallilean,
Nor will I be with Him named.

No wonder Peter's heart was broken,
As he caught that look of pain;
Not of chiding, but of pleading,
Could your friendship not remain.

You who vowed till death allegiance
Of my friends but you are left;
In this hour of scorn and trial—
Must I be of you bereft.

Christ might have sought the high and lofty,
When these all forsook and fled;
But did He leave poor sinning Peter?
For such as he His blood was shed.

And as he the risen Saviour
Said to those who gathered near,
"Go ye" Tell my friends and Peter.
To my heart they still are dear.

Are there not of Peters many,
When our paths with flowers are strewn,
We're so very sure we're loyal,
In the test we fail as soon.

The Heavenly Home

I'm thinking of the Home-land,
That Jesus has gone to prepare;
Who can limit His power and love;
Who hangeth the earth in the air.

I have read about the Home-land
In John's revelation true;
The breadth is as large as the length,
And the height corresponds with the two.

My Saviour is in the Home-land,
And mansions are there for me,
One day I shall enter those mansions,
My Saviour and loved ones will see.

I've dear ones in the Home-land,
Who're becoming new to me;
To look beyond the dust and din,
And view the crystal sea.

I'm longing for the Home-land,
With its streets of Jasper and Gold;
The glory of God the light there-of;
Its inhabitants never grow old.

Oh brother come to the Home-land,
Let your soul its mansions crave;
Why toil for the false riches of earth
We carry not beyond the grave.

A Prayer

Holy Spirit we beseech Thee,
Go with us throughout this day;
If assailed by strong temptation,
Keep our tender feet we pray.

Give us strength to become leaders,
Helping weaker folk to stand;
When their trials rise like boulders,
May we give a helping hand.

Give us Lord a harvest vision
Of discernment which will pay,
Right or wrong, truth or deception,
May we take the safer way.

Eternity be one thanksgiving
For God's provision made for me,
My Christian friends, my open bible,
That these my heritage should be.

The Web of Life

or

OUR LITTLE BIT

In all the tangled web we weave
On the loom that we call life;
We mar our pattern, twist the threads,
And feel it's been a failure quite.

Then comes along the master hand
Who sees the motive, knows the thought;
He gathers up each misplaced end—
And lo a work of beauty's wrought.

And when at last our feeble work
In the light of Heaven we see;
Most wonderful! How came it thus,
Was this ever done by me.

Again the master builder says,
Though marred your work your heart beat true;
I crowned your effort, not your work,
You builded better than you knew.

The Lord Our Helper

As father pitieth his child,
So doth the Lord his own;
He stoops to lift our heavy load,
And claims it for his own.

How sweet the thought, He cares for me,
Through all my wandering way;
And those that fear Him shall not want,
For saved by grace are they.

Our Lord has helped us hitherto,
Why then should doubts arise;
He lives to intercede for us,
He'll surely hear our cries.

Then to the throne we boldly came,
None dares to make afraid;
Since He has promised grace to help
In every time of need.

Oh Thou that savest every one,
That puts their trust in Thee;
Unlock Thy store-house, fill our souls
As waters fill the Sea.

Be Not Troubled

Let your heart not be troubled,
Believe in God, believe in me,
Your Father's house hath mansion tall,
There's rest for you, there's rest for all.

Lord, we know not where Thou goest,
How can we know the way?
I am the way, the truth, the life,
Believe the truth without delay.

Have I been so long time with you,
Ye that would the Father see;
And yet ye say "I know him not,"
Believe the Father dwells in me.

Ye that will believe on me,
To greater works He shall you lead;
Ask whatsoever you require,
God shall be glorified indeed.

If ye love me show your love;
I to my father, God, will pray;
The Holy Spirit may descend
You comfort and protect alway.

In a little while I go,
The hardened world sees me no more;
But he that loves and keeps my word,
Shall live with me forevermore.

Sunshine in Grey Days

Let the sunshine into your heart,
It will banish grief and care;
When the sunbeams play a cheerful part,
No shadows can linger there.

Love makes us helpful and brave,
It is fragrant and kindly and sweet;
Let love then be one of our sunbeams,
And compassion one of our feats.

Let the sunshine into your heart,
By reading the word of truth;
Taking the duties of life with a smile,
Both in age and days of your youth.

Let the sunshine into your heart,
By helpful good deeds and true,
Old age will be dyed like the leaves of the wood,
With a radiant unspeakable hue.

Samuel

Hannah and Elkanah went
To the temple year by year,
And Hannah prayed so earnestly,
The prophet asked "Why linger here?"

God listened to her fervent prayers,
He heard her pleading, saw her tears,
Granted Samuel to her joy,
A perfect child, a model boy.

True to her consecration vow,
That if to her a son was sent,
She would not selfishly retain,
But to the Lord he should be lent.

Hard it must have been to spare
The darling firstborn from her knee,
A lesson we'd do well to learn
An example in fidelity.

Now, when he was older grown,
To the temple he was sent,
Simple duties to perform,
For its service he was lent.

While Samuel still was very young,
Three times one night he heard his name,
Thinking 'twas the prophet's voice,
He lingered not, but rose and came.

He stood beside the Prophet's couch,
"I heard your call my Lord and Friend,"
"I hasten to perform your will,
Have you some message you would send?"

"I called you not, Samuel, my son,
Go back and rest" was Eli's word,
"And if again that voice you hear
Say 'Speak Lord for thy call is heard,."

Samuel obeyed the Prophet then,
Careful to do as Eli bade,
Painful things and hard to bear,
Were spoken to the attentive lad.

Morning came but Samuel feared
To tell the fate that must befall,
The wicked sons of Eli were
To suffer for the nation's fall.

"Keep not back one single word,
My son, that God hath to you given,
Sin cannot but bring punishment,
Thus said the Lord of earth and Heaven."

So Samuel grew, and it was known
A prophet of the Lord should be,
In Shiloh God appeared to him
And there fulfilled that prophecy.

In after years it was his joy
A very real support to bring
To Israel's host, although they had
Rejected him and sought a king.

The Sunshine Lady

She treads so softly, speaks so low,
You scarcely hear her come or go;
But she has kindly words to say
And tires not, by night or day.
"What is her mission?" do you ask,
"And does she covet larger task?"
She comes to soothe the broken heart,
Counsel and help to all impart.
Where does she sow the golden seed?
Wherever dwells the greatest need.
Nor makes she choice or ease or rest,
Till every sorrowing heart is blessed.
Does she proclaim with letters bold
The high position that she holds?
Or does she all her days fulfill,
Her joy to do the Master's will.
'Twas said of one, in days of yore,
He healed the sick; He blessed the poor;
He fed the hungry multitude;
His life was spent in doing good.
God bless our Sunshine Lady
Who follows in Thy way,
And lengthen out her useful days—
We'll give Thee thanks always.

Dedicated to Nurse Weir of Loreburn, Saskatchewan.

Feed My Lambs

It has been said that a teacher wields the most powerful influence of all individuals in the common walk of life. FIRST, because the teacher has the child in the teachable age; SECOND, because, as a rule, the child has implicit confidence in the teacher. Therefore, when she teaches them about God and the Bible, which is God's word, they accept it and believe it. And, if the teacher himself, or herself, be a true Bible student, I believe it can be said, without fear of contradiction, they have an opportunity that no other can possibly exceed, barring a Christian mother. She is limited to the home; the teacher has access to many homes.

And here lies the opportunity. That of instilling in the young minds the deep things of the Spirit, as taught in God's word; turning their young hearts to Him, and showing them His great love for all people, young and old.

And now we just take up some passages that pertain to Salvation, such as Matt. 18.3, "Verily I say unto you Except ye be converted and become as little children ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

St. James 5.19-20, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

How can one teach the way of Salvation unless they have entered into that experience themselves. One cannot give what he or she has never had. Nor can they teach what they do not know.

Dear Reader, if you have accepted the responsibility of conducting a class in the Sunday School, I beg of you seek the wisdom that cometh from God. Time is short. Your class of boys and girls will soon be moving into other grades; yes, out into the world, to carry with them the impressions you have left on their minds and hearts. And, do not forget that the example you set will also go with them.

If you are a card-playing Christian, and a dancing church member that is the product you will send out as S. S. teachers. What will you have to answer when Jesus speaks to you as he did to Peter, saying: "Lovest Thou Me?" Actions speak louder than words. Whether you say yes or no His answer will be, "Feed my Lambs."

How I wish that everyone who reads these lines could see the glorious privilege and reward for feeding the Lambs with God's precious Word. —E. H. Peardon

The Cabin Boy

A lonely lad indeed was he
Who joined that captain's crew,
To overcome his bitter loss
He sailed the ocean blue.

As many a cabin boy before,
Experienced taunts and jeers,
This noble lad with eyes of blue,
Endured his utmost fears.

The drinking sailors lost no time,
"We'll have some sport" said they,
"We'll offer him some of our grog,
And hear what he will say."

A chance to prove the boy soon came;
"If you would a sailor be,
You'll drink with us, be one of us,
And live the life at sea."

But when he still refused to touch
The proffered glass of cheer,
The sailors sought to force the lad
And make him drink their beer.

Quick as a flash, with eyes aflame,
He seized the drink-to-be,
And with one well-directed aim,
He sent it far to sea.

The captain coming just in time
To see this test of skill,
Indignant at the waste of goods,
Declared he'd break that will.

He ordered him to main top-sail,
And there to spend the night;
A cold and chilling wind there blew,
No warmth nor food in sight.

Next morning, just a bit afraid,
The captain called, "Ahoy,"
"How do you like that for a berth,
You stubborn, wasteful boy?"

"Better than grog, Sir," Allan said,
Respectfully and slow,
"And if I may I'd like to tell
Some things you may not know."

"Go on! but don't you ever think
Because of what you say,
You'll change my regulations, lad,
T'will work the other way."

"Two weeks ago today I saw
My Mother's open grave,
The drink that ruined father's life
Could not my Mother's save."

"The group of sympathetic friends
Moved quietly away,
I knelt alone on the fresh sod
And made a vow that day.

As long as life or reason lasts,
I'll shun the accursed thing
That devastated love and home,
And left the bitter sting."

"Then, Captain Harding, I made way
To where my father laid,
I reached my hand through prison bars
And said farewell to Dad.

I'm sure you cannot blame me, Sir,
For casting to the waves
The awful stuff that made our home
A prison and a grave.

"Do with me now as you think best,
But drink I never will,
Or break my sacred pledge to her
Whose hopes I must fulfill."

"Lieutenant, Sir, what does this mean?"
 "From taunts and jeers you're free,
 And never will they hoist you more
 In torturous misery."

The influence of that one young life
Cannot in words be told;
The Captain and his crew agreed
T'was of more worth than gold.

Our loyal Temperance Legion Band,
We'll stand for temperance true,
We'll put to rout without a doubt,
That deadly foe, "Home-Brew."

Come join our ranks, be soldiers all,
We have a warfare on;
Then let us fight with all our might,
To rid our land of rum.

Though we are only boys and girls,
We'll help you right the wrong;
For we will come with song and drum,
A hundred-thousand strong.

When we have come to take our place
In province, state and home,
We'll still be found to guard the ground,
For those who yet may come.

The Broken Spirit

In an attic, bare and cheerless,
Dwelt a mother and her boy,
Bare their larder, scant their clothing,
Lesser still their hope and joy.

Worse than hunger or scant clothing
Was the dread upon the twain
Of approaching, stumbling footsteps
That should fill their hearts with pain.

You have rightly caught the story,
Drunken husband, took no care,
Instead of bringing peace and plenty
To the home he brought despair.

Tommie, never very stalwart,
Gave what little strength he had
To help Mother with the washings
That should buy their daily bread.

Very tenderly said Tommie,
"Mother dear, I'd like to learn
To become a good and true man,
And to keep you from all harm."

So right there and then 'twas settled
Tommie should be sent to school;
No royal road to greatness for him,
Simply follow the age-long rule.

So she mended up old clothing,
Fixed as best a mother may;
"If the boys make fun and tease you,
Tommie, still persist and stay."

"I'll not mind them, now or ever,
If only I can get to where
I can protect you and Baby Sister,
Of scoffs and jeers I'll take my share.

Now, when school time came, the teacher
Called this strange boy to the floor,
Asked about his age and parents,
Why he'd not come to school before.

Our little hero stood the firing
Of the questions teacher piled,
Until he heard the school boys giggle,
'Tis old Tim the drunkard's child.

With one bound he gained the sidewalk,
Never slacking pace he sped,
'Till he reached his home and mother,
"Am I only a drunkard's kid?"

Poor laddie, never very robust,
Wept his little heart to break,
Fell quite sick and fevered, murmuring
"I tried to do it for your sake."

"How can I reach the noble manhood,
That I so much long to do,
With that stigma heaped upon me,
Calling every step I go?"

"Tommy, Tommy, do stop crying,
Here's your father coming now,
It will be but blows and bruises,
If he finds you weeping so."

In he came, "Well, where's my supper?
Is that all that you can spare.
Other men can dine in comfort,
While you put up that paltry fare.

What's that crying in the corner?
Where's my strap, I'll let him know
I'm not fond of that sweet music,"
Then produced blow after blow.

Weakened by the pangs of hunger,
And the happenings of that day,
Bruised in body, broken hearted,
His noble spirit passed away.

Are we Christian? Are we human?
When we stand at ease and see,
Giants stalking thus among us,
And falsely call this liberty.

Oh, my country! Oh, my people!
Will you not defend your own,
Broken hearts and broken bodies,
Of your mothers and your sons.

While so eloquently you're pleading,
For the drunkard's liberty,
Mark, the price that buys his freedom,
Enslaves the entire family.

The Cigarette Speaks

I'm just a friendly cigarette—
Don't be afraid of me!
Why all the advertisers say
I'm harmless as can be!

They tell that I'm your "best friend,"
(I like that cunning lie!)
And say you'll "walk a mile" for me,
Because I "satisfy."

So come on, girlie, be a sport!
Why longer hesitate?
With me between your pretty lips,
You'll be quite up to date!

You may not like me right at first,
But very soon I'll bet,
You'll find you just can't get along
Without a cigarette!

You've smoked one package, so I know
I've nothing more to fear;
When once I get a grip on girls,
They're mine for life, my dear!

Your freedom you began to lose,
The very day we met,
When I convinced you it was smart
To smoke a cigarette!

The color's fading from your cheeks;
Your finger-tips are stained;
And now you'd like to give me up,
But, sister, you are chained!

You even took a drink last night!—
I thought you would ere long,
For those whom I enslave soon lose
Their sense of right and wrong.

Year after year I've fettered you,
And led you blindly on
Till now you are just a bunch of nerves,
With looks and health both gone.

You're pale and thin, and have a cough—
The doctor says "T. B."
He says you can't expect to live
Much longer, thanks to me!

But it's too late to worry now;
When you became my slave,
You should have known the chances were
You'd fill an early grave.

And now that I have done my best
To send your soul to hell,
I'll leave you with my partner, DEATH—
He's come for you! FAREWELL!

—Elizabeth Hassell.

If We Only Understood

If we knew the cares and trials,
Knew the efforts all in vain,
And the bitter disappointment,
Understood the loss and gain—

Would the grim, eternal roughness
Seem, I wonder, just the same?
Should we help where now we hinder?
Should we pity where we blame?

Ah, we judge each other harshly,
Knowing not life's hidden force—
Knowing not the fount of action
Is less turbid at its source;

Seeing not amid the evil
All the golden grains of good;
And we'd love each other better
If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives
That surround each other's lives,
See the naked heart and spirit,
Know what spur the action gives;

Often we would find it better,
Purer than we judge we should,
We should love each other better
If we only understood.

Threads

My life is but a weaving
Between my Lord and me;
I cannot choose the colors
He worketh steadily.

Oftimes He weaveth sorrow
And I, in foolish pride,
Forget He sees the upper
And I the under side.

Not 'till the loom is silent,
And the shuttles cease to fly
Shall God unroll the canvas
And explain the reason why

The dark threads are so needful
In the weaver's skillful hand,
As the threads of gold and silver
In the pattern He has planned.

ANON.

A Morning Prayer

Maker of days, another night is gone,
But, e're I face the tasks that wait for me,
I pause a moment in the quiet dawn,
And lift my heart to Thee.

Thou art my Guide, upon Thine arm I lean,
Wherever I must journey, lead Thou me;
Through deepest mire I know I shall come clean,
If I but follow Thee.

Enlarge my vision, Lord, that I may see
A way to help my brother in his need:
Deliver me from fate and bigotry,
From selfishness and greed.

Thou art my life, enfold me in Thy love,
That when the day's temptations I must meet,
I shall not want for strength to rise above
Dishonor and defeat.

Then be Thou near me through the live-long day,
That I may know whatever comes is best,
And, when the sunset fades to twilight gray,
Bring me safe home to rest.

—Madeline Higgins.

Psalm 119-11

I love Thy word, O Lord,
Can anything beside
Lighten the weary pilgrim's path
And always be his guide?

I trust Thy word, O Lord,
No other help I know
Can teach me all Thy wondrous love,
As through this world I go.

Though books may be destroyed,
'Tis written on our hearts;
Nor flood, nor fire can cast it hence,
Though sent by Satan's darts.

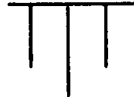
Thine enemies, O Lord,
Have planned to overthrow,
The living word still lives, and will,
It only deeper grows.

Help us, O Lord, Our God,
To live it day by day,
So may we ever walk with Thee,
Striving to watch and pray.

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